

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 24—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1806.

NO. 910.

## A VILLAGE TALE.

(Concluded.)

"WHITHER would you go?" asked the frightened Rachel, holding her arm, as she rose from her knees. "To my beloved William," replied Rose, as, with more than human strength she disengaged herself, and rushed through the house. Despair and affection hastened her steps, which were so speedy, that, before Rachel could alarm the village, she had left it far behind her. Uncertain of the road, she wandered on, her mind solely occupied by William's danger, and the hopes she had of once more joining him, when she determined nothing on earth should again separate them. Evening came on, and she was on a wide common; weary and sad; faint, too, from the want of nourishment; she sat down on a little hillock by the road side, and casting her despairing eyes upon the dreary prospect, burst into tears. As she was thus indulging her grief, a farmer, who was passing that way in his taxed cart, drove up close to her, and, with a voice of the tenderest humanity, inquired what was the matter. "If thou hast lost thy way, my girl, (continued the kind-hearted farmer,) do not grieve about it: I will take thee any where thou likest." "Take me to my dear William," said she, starting on her feet. "And where is he?" "They have taken him to London." "To London! why, my good girl, thou canst not get there to night! it is full ten miles. Hast thou no friends near?" "None; not one, (replied Rose, bursting afresh into tears;) he is all to me; and they have torn him from my sight." "Well, well, (said the humane farmer,) dry up your tears, poor girl: I will take you home to my good dame for the night; and to-morrow morning we will go to William." "Will you, indeed, be so kind?" (said the delighted Rose;) Heaven repay your goodness; I never can." The old man helped her into his cart, and soon conveyed her to his farm, which stood a mile further on the common. He gave her to the care of his wife, who treated her with the utmost kindness: and the Almighty will no doubt reward them for their goodness to an unfortunate girl. They made her retire early, hoping sleep would recruit her exhausted spirits. But in vain did she attempt to close her eyes: the idea of William, and her anxiety to again behold him banished repose; and when in the morning she met her kind friends, her looks bore testimony to the way in which she had passed the night.

As soon as breakfast was ended, the farmer again placed her in his little cart; and they set off, accompanied by the kind wishes of the good dame. During their ride, he inquired of Rose the particulars of her story, which she with artless innocence, and tearful eyes, gave, from the commencement of her's and William's attachment, to the fatal moment of their separation. The good farmer's eyes glistened as she proceeded; and his heart felt a father's affection for her. He had no children, and he determined in his mind, to adopt the poor orphan Providence had so unexpectedly placed under his care. He had but faint hopes of their finding William, having no clue to guide them, Rose not knowing to

what regiment he belonged. As they drew near to London they observed a great concourse of people on the road; but thinking there might be some fair near the place, the farmer did not pay much attention to the circumstance, till the crowd increasing, induced him to stop his cart, and inquire the reason of so much bustle. He was answered, that a deserter was going to be flogged on a common hard by. Rose's heart sickened when the sound of drums announced the approach of the unhappy object. The farmer had no doubt, from Rose's story, but it was William; and turned his cart, as he told her, to avoid being entangled with others; but, in reality, to save her the pangs of seeing the man she loved in such a situation. Unfortunately by these means he brought her to witness the scene he was so anxious to keep her from; for, by turning up a lane which he hoped would lead them from the common, he entered it at the moment the wretched William (for it was him who had been brought there a nearer way) was tied to the post, and had received the first cruel lash. The cry of anguish which burst from the lips of the sufferer, caught the ear of Rose, who instantly recognised the object of her fondest love. With a piercing scream she darted from the cart, which was unable to move from the pressure of the crowd, and flew towards the spot—"William! my dearest William! (she raved out.) Stop, barbarians! savages, forbear!" Then sinking on the ground, with a convulsive groan she expired. All eyes were now turned from William to the breathless Rose. They assisted the farmer, who had followed as fast as his agitation would permit, to convey the body to the nearest house, until the coroner was summoned; whilst the unfortunate William, after undergoing the whole of his sentence, was taken back to London, insensible from his wounds; the regiment proceeding on its march to the place of its embarkation.

The unhappy farmer now left the house where he had placed Rose's lifeless remains, and soon reached his home. His tears prepared his wife for the melancholy tale, ere his lips uttered it. After lamenting over the fate of poor Rose, they consulted together what was to be done in respect to her funeral, ignorant of where she came from; (as Rose, in her account to the farmer, had omitted the name of her native village.) They had no means of tracing out her friends, but through the unfortunate William. To him they judged it best to apply, should he have survived the punishment he had undergone. It was now no difficulty to find him. The farmer once more, with a heavy heart, set out for the Metropolis. He soon found out the wretched William, whose wounds, from the lashes he had received, added to his mental sufferings, were declared mortal. His haggard look, and vacant eye, as the farmer entered, struck him with the truest sorrow; and he turned aside, to conceal a starting tear. Going to the bedside of the dying sufferer, and taking his clammy hand, he pronounced the name of Rose. The sound roused William from his death like stupor: he feebly pressed the hand which held his, and fixing his glozed eyes for a moment on the farmer, he asked if he might see her before he died. "Alas!

poor youth," sighed the farmer, "you will soon meet where nothing will ever part you." Is she no more?" said William, his voice growing more and more faint. "O, God! then release me from my sufferings. Pardon my sins, and let me join her pure spirit in thy blessed kingdom." The exertion of saying so much, produced a long fainting fit, in which all around him thought he had breathed his last. After a while he revived, and again addressing the farmer, "I know not whom you are, (said he;) but as you seem acquainted with my poor Rose, whose death your words inform me of, (the farmer's tears confirmed the truth,) you, no doubt, are also acquainted with the misfortunes that have hurried her to a premature grave; misfortunes brought on by me, who ought to have been her shield from every care. Hear me out, (seeing the farmer was about to interrupt him;) I have not long to speak. All I have to request is, that you will see us both buried in one grave by the side of her mother, whose death I have to answer for. May the Merciful Disposer of all events accept my present sufferings as an atonement for my former crimes. Say, (cried he, turning to the farmer,) will you attend to my last wish?" The farmer pressed his hand in token of assent. "You will? may God reward you." Then faintly articulating the name of Rose, he closed his eyes for ever.

The farmer, finding all was over, considered how he was to find the place to which they belonged. On searching the pockets of the deceased, they found a letter addressed to Rose, which he had written previous to his forming the fatal resolution of deserting. This informed the farmer all he wished to know. He kept his promise to William; and, in a few days, had them conveyed to our village. They were buried in yonder grave, and were accompanied by nearly all the inhabitants. There was not a dry eye in the place; and when they were placed in the ground, the groans and sobs of those around, told how much they were beloved, how sincerely lamented. William's parents are hastening after them to the grave: the accumulated woe heaped on their aged heads within the last few months, has entirely broken their spirits. They close their eyes in tears, and wake each morn to misery. Every hour do we expect the knell to toll for one or both of them. Sir Frederic, shocked at the dreadful termination of his scheme, left the Castle, and is, I hear, gone abroad. As for the vile Lady Mary, we know not what has become of her; but, go where she will, she will be followed by the execrations of the village; for, had she not assisted in the infamous contrivance, we might have rejoiced at their nuptials, instead of lamenting over their grave. But the dews of night are fast falling; let us quit this place and the melancholy subject together.

MAXIM.

If thou rashly say a thing which ought not to have been said, confess thy fault as soon as thou canst; it is the least atonement thou canst make. If thou rashly engage to do a thing which ought not to be done, do not make bad worse by persisting to do it for thy word's sake.

## HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

WHEN Monsieur de Ferriol was ambassador from Louis the Fourteenth, at the Ottoman Porte, he either was mad or acted like a madman, which induced one of his domestics, for fear of being chastised in the Turkish manner for a very small fault, to make his escape, and to travel with a missionary who was going into Crim Tartary. After his arrival he left the monk, and rambling about, took shelter, at last, with the famous Mirza, who was chief of a hord of Tartars, with whom he remained many months, and having acquired the language, entertained him, like a true Frenchman, with the magnificence that was every where to be seen in his own country, and the extreme misery that reigned in Tartary. The Mirza smiled at his discourses, which the Frenchman took for the highest approbation. The Mirza being at last grown weary of him, brought him to a place that was within two days journey of Caffa, where having pitched his tent, he ordered the Frenchman to attend him.

After regaling him plentifully, and treating him with coffee, he spoke to him thus: "Stranger, our manners are so unlike, thou art, no doubt, as much tired of me, as I am with thee. I found thee almost naked, now thou art well clothed. I gave thee a horse and arms, keep them, and return, if thou wilt, to that paradise of which thou talkest so much. There, it seems, the people are restless and uneasy, which thou hast never seen me. Take these (giving him a bag with a hundred double pistoles) which the Franks call riches, and which I account signs of poverty, as they serve only to purchase what are the real necessities of life, and which, as I have these without them, are useless to me. Return, I say, and report to thy countrymen, that *health, home, and happiness*, flowing from hard fare with content, are all that the Tartars esteem." Was this man a barbarian? or are not these sufficient proofs, that all men bear sufficiently the stamp of their Maker? A lesson worth remembering, as it will teach us humanity and humility at the same time.

## TRIFLES.

A person speaking very respectfully of a blind gentleman, said among other things, that he was a *good looking man*. An Hibernian in company struck with the apparent blunder, exclaimed, "By the holy Shannon, if I had said as much, I should have been accused of making a bull.—How can any one be a *good looking* man when he is so stark blind that he can't look at all."

*Bad Weather out-riden*—A gentleman riding from Darford to London, saw behind him a great shower of rain, and several travellers, all great coated and wet through. He now put on briskly, and cut-rode the shower all the way, so that by the time he got to Shooters-hill, it had only reached his horse's tail, and so continued till he got to London, he not being in the least wet by it.

An Irish peasant being told that Bonaparte intended to shut out our trade from the Continent, "Pshaw!" said Pat, "he might as well attempt to keep out the tide with a pitchfork."

An Attorney in the country advertises for a young lad that can write a *legible* hand, and read *illegible* writings.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

## ON THE BIRTH OF A FIRST CHLD.

EXHAUSTED by her painful throes,  
Let nature take her due repose—  
Sweet, dearest ANNA, be thy sleep,  
Whilst I my joyful vigils keep!  
O be thy joy sincere as mine,  
For sure my pangs have equal'd thine!

Sleep on! and, waking, thou shalt see,  
All that delights thy soul in me:  
Friend! Husband! and a name more dear,  
The father of thy new-born care!  
As thou on her thy eyes shall cast,  
Thank Heaven for all the danger past.

Heaven for no trivial cause ordain,  
That joy like this succeed thy pain;  
But, by the sacred pledge, demand  
A parents duty at thy hand:  
While thou thy Infant charge shall rear,  
My love shall lighten every care!

Since I, before the hallowed shrine,  
First call'd my dearest ANNA mine,  
Ne'er did my pulse so rapid move,  
Nor glad my heart with equal love!  
Those charms that in this infant lie,  
Shall bind us by a closer tie.

My partial eyes with pleasure trace,  
The features in its infant face;  
And if kind Heaven in mercy hear,  
The fondness of a Father's prayer,  
In her may I those manners see,  
Those virtues I adore in thee.

## THE CHANGE.

THE poplars are fell'd and adieu to the shade,  
And the whispering sound of the cool colonade:  
The winds play no longer, and sing in their leaves,  
Nor the Ouse, on its surface, their image receives.

Twelve years had elaps'd since I took the last view,  
Of my favourite field and the place where they grew;  
When behold on their sides in the grass they were laid,  
And I sat on the tree under which I had stray'd.

The blackbird has sought out another retreat,  
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;  
And the scene where his notes have oft charm'd me before,  
Shall resound with his smooth-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,  
And I must myself lie as lowly as they,  
With a turf at my breast and a stone at my head,  
Ere another such grove rise up in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,  
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;  
Short liv'd as we are, yet our pleasures we see,  
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

COWPER.

## LOVE.

THE shape alone let others prize,  
The features of the fair,  
I look for spirit in her eyes,  
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek and ivory arm,  
Shall ne'er my wishes win,  
Give me an animated form,  
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,  
Where sense and sweetness move,  
And Angel innocence refines,  
The tenderness of love.  
These are the soul of beauties fram'd,  
Without whose vital aid,  
Unfinish'd all her features seem,  
And all her roses dead.

## FEMALE FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

*Full Dresses.* A dress of white crape, embroidered down the front and round the train with gold or silver; the sleeves very short in front, and embroidered to correspond with the dress; the bosom quite plain, with a small lace tucker; an under dress of white sarsenet, white kid shoes and gloves. The hair dressed and ornamented with a gold comb. A short dress of alternate stripes of blue or lilac crape, and white silk net; the bottom trimmed with embossed ribband; long sleeves of spider net; an under dress of white satin, trimmed also with embossed ribband. White kid shoes. The hair dressed with a tiara of steel bugles.

*Walking Dresses.*—A morning dress of white cambrick muslin made tight over the bosom, and buttoned down in front; the bottom trimmed with worked muslin; long sleeves, with work let in the top, to correspond with the bottom of the dress. A straw hat turned up in front. A long dress of white muslin, with a mantle of slate coloured sarsenet, trimmed all round with an Indian bordering. Slate colored shoes and stockings. A turban hat of straw with a cartab crown.

*General Observations.*—The prevailing colours are apple blossom, lavender, blue and yellow. The mob caps continue to be universally worn for morning dress, lined with coloured silk and ornamented with flowers, or large bows of ribband. The long mantles are also much worn, both in silk and muslin; the muslin ones are bound with coloured ribband and trimmed with lace. Feathers and flowers have again appeared.—flow-ers are universally worn in full and undress.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 26, 1806.

The city inspector reports the death of 49 persons in the course of the week, ending on Saturday, 19; of the following diseases: Apoplexy 1, \* Casualties 3, Choleric bilious 1, Cholera morbus 1, † Consumption 9, Convulsions 3, Debility 2, Hives 3, Jaundice 1, Intemperance 1, Decay 4, Dropsey 2, Drowned 2, Dysentery 2, Inflammation of the bowels 1, Inflammation of the breast 1, Rheumatism 1, Scurvy 2, small pox 2, Sprue 1, Still born 1, Teething 1, Whooping cough 3.

\* One man killed by a fall from a second story, another by a spar rolling on him, and a child by the falling of a piece of timber.

† One man, 6 women, and 2 children; the age of the man was 50 years, of the women from 18 to 36 years. The child was under 3 years.

A letter from Morgantown, Virginia, mentions, that Abel Clements, convicted of the murder of his wife and eight children, was executed the 3d inst. in presence of about 6000 spectators. He is said to have met his death with a smile, and confessed the fact about 4 days before his execution.

AUGUSTA, (Maine) JULY 11.

*Horrid Murder!*—At an early hour on Wednesday morning last, the inhabitants of this town were alarmed with the dreadful information, that Capt. James Purinton, of this place, in cool blood, had murdered his wife, six children and himself.—His oldest son, with a slight wound, escaped, and his second daughter was found desperately wounded, and probably supposed dead by the father.—Between the hours of 2 and 3, a near neighbor, Mr. Dean Wyman, was awakened by the lad who escaped, with an incoherent account of the horrid scene from which he had just fled; he, with a Mr. Ballard, another neighbor, instantly repaired to the fatal spot, and here, after having lighted a candle, a scene was presented which beggars all description.—In the outer room lay prostrate on his face, and weltering in his gore, the perpetrator of this dreadful deed—his throat cut in the most shocking manner, and the bloody razor laying on the table by his side.—In an adjoining bed-room lay Mrs. Purinton in her bed, her head almost severed from her body; and near her on the floor, a little daughter about



ten years old, who probably hearing the cries of her mother, ran to her relief from the apartment in which she slept, and was murdered by her side.—In another apartment was found the two oldest and the youngest daughters, the first aged 19, dreadfully butchered; the second desperately wounded, reclining her head on the body of the dead infant 18 months old, and in a state of horror and almost total insensibility.—In the room with the father, lay in bed with their throats cut, the two youngest sons, the one 8, the other 6 years old.—And in another room was found on the hearth, most dreadfully mangled, the second son, aged 12; he had fallen with his trousers under one arm, with which he had attempted to escape.—On the breastwork over the fire place, was the distinct impression of a bloody hand, where the unhappy victim probably supported himself before he fell. The whole house seemed covered with blood, and near the body of the murderer lay the deadly axe. From the surviving daughter we have no account of this transaction; her dangerous situation prevents any communication, and but faint expectations are entertained of her recovery. From the son, aged 17, we learn the following.—That he was awakened by the piercing cries of his mother, and involuntarily shrieked himself, he leapt from his bed and ran towards the door of his apartment; he was met by his father with an axe in his hand (the moon shone bright) who struck him, but being so near each other, the axe passed over his shoulder and one corner of it entered his back, making a slight wound; his father then struck at him once or twice and missed him; at this moment his younger brother, who slept in the same bed with him, jump'd from it and attempted to get out at the door; to prevent this the father attacked him, which gave the eldest an opportunity to escape. During this dreadful conflict, not a word was uttered. From the appearance of the wounds generally, it seems to have been the design of Purinton to sever the heads from the bodies, excepting two youngest, whose throats it is supposed were cut with a razor.—The oldest daughter and second son had several wounds, the probable consequence of their resistance. We have no evidence to lead us satisfactory to the motives for this barbarous and unnatural deed. Capt. Purinton was 46 years of age, and had lately removed from Bowdoinham to this town—an independent farmer, with a handsome estate, of steady correct, and industrious habits, and of a good character and fair reputation, and strongly attached to his family. He had been heard lately to say, that he felt much distressed at the unpromising appearance of his farm; that he should be destitute of bread for his family, and hay for his cattle, and dreaded the consequences. The Sunday before his death, it is said, he wrote to his brother, and informed him that on the reception of the letter he should be dead, and requesting him to take charge of his family. In the letter was a death's head marked out, and it was sealed with black.—It was found on Monday by his wife, and gave her the greatest alarm and uneasiness.—This her husband perceiving, and learning the cause, he attempted to console her by assurances that he had no intention of committing suicide, but that he had a presentiment of his approaching death. Capt. Purinton was a warm believer in the doctrine of universal salvation, though it is not said of him, that he was a bigoted fanatic or a religious enthusiast.—His whole conduct the day preceeding and during the last and bloody scene of his life, seems marked with the utmost coolness and deliberation. Towards the close of the day he ground the fatal axe, and

when the family retired to bed, he was left reading the bible. The Jury of inquest have brought him in guilty of wilful murder on his wife and six children, and that as a felon he did kill and murder himself.—We do not recollect that the annals of Massachusetts can furnish a transaction so distressing.

**Burlington, (Vermont) July 9.**—We are indebted to an obliging correspondent, for the following account of an event of the most tragical nature, which occurred at Canaan in Connecticut, on Tuesday the 26th ultimo.

"A young man by the name of Isaac Baldwin, had been for some time partly deranged. On Wednesday the 25th, he purchased a large two bladed knife and a quantity of laudanum, and set out from Litchfield for Canaan, where he lodged at one Dr. Root's. The doctor it seems lives near a house in which a school was taught by a Miss Steele. Immediately after her school was dismissed at night, Baldwin went to the school house, where he found this young lady writing at her table alone—seized her by the hair, and with the knife he had purchased for the purpose, cut her throat in a most shocking manner, took off one ear, and inflicted two deep and dangerous wounds in her shoulder. As she struggled to escape from him, he threw her upon the floor, jumped upon her, and stabbed her in the back in ten or twelve different places. Thrice he plunged his blade so deep that it perforated the lungs. Her shrieks alarmed Dr. Root, who went to her assistance and found her weltering in her blood. Baldwin fled to the woods and drank his laudanum, but it had not the desired effect.

He was taken about midnight, and is now lodged in jail. His delirium will probably screen him from punishment, but we are informed there is a strong concatenation of circumstances to prove a deliberate intention, and as venacious as the coldest villainy could engender. It is said that several years since, he became acquainted with Miss Steele, and addressed her, but she declined his attention—that he lately heard she was soon to be married to another, and that this circumstance is supposed to have wound him up to such a height of desperation and ruffian cruelty. The young lady still survives, but the prospect of her recovery is by no means flattering. She says, that when he entered the house and advanced towards her, he said, "Since we cannot live together, Eliza, we will die together." For several days previous to his committing the crime, Baldwin was much more rational than he had been for several months;—but in a desperate moment he has ruthlessly cut off a respectable and amiable young lady from all her prospects of happiness in this life, and probably life itself.

A country clergyman meeting a neighbor, who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, reproved him, and asked him if he never read at home? "No," (replied the clown) I cannot read." "I dare say (said the parson) you do not know who made you." "Not I in truth," cried the countryman. A little boy coming by at the same time, "Who made you, child?" said the parson. "God, Sir," answered the boy. "Why, look you there, (quoth the clergyman) are not you ashamed to hear a boy of five or six years tell me who made him, when you, that are so old a man, cannot?" "Ah! (said the fellow) it is no wonder that he should remember; he was made but the other day; it is a great while since, I was made!"

## COURT OF HYMEN.

HAPPY the youth who finds a bride  
In sprightly days of health and ease,  
Whose temper, to his own ally'd,  
No knowledge seeks but how to please.

## MARRIED.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Blair, Mr. Daniel M'Dane, to Miss Susan Jacobus, both of this city.  
Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Blair, Mr. Joseph De Mall, to Miss Harriet Serger, both of this city.  
On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Blair, Mr. John Slingsland to Miss Nancy Burch, both of this city.

## MORTALITY.

In Health's gay morn, in blushing roseate bloom,  
When budding beauties drink the living rays,  
Nipp'd by a frost they wither in the tomb,  
The short liv'd flowrets of a summer's day.

## DIED.

Suddenly the 6th of June, on board the U. S. bomb-ketch Vengeance, Mr. Simeon Smith, Midshipman, M.S. was 1 of the American prisoners in Tripoli, and was on his return to Rhode-Island, of which state he was a native.

On Monday last, Mr. Robert I. Thurston, merchant, of this city.

At Trenton, Mrs. Chambers, wife of Alexander Chambers.

At Philadelphia, Major Abner Bartleson.

At Norwalk, greatly lamented, the Rev. Dr. Matthias Burnet, in the 57th year of his age, pastor of the Presbyterian church in that place. He has left a family, and a large congregation to lament his irreparable loss.

On board the schooner Neptune, Bell, from La Roman, for this port, on the 12th inst. Robert Irvin, of this city.

At Syracuse, in April last Lieut. Seth Cartee, commander of Gun-Boat No. 10 a native of Rhode-Island; and Mr. Brent, midshipman on board U. S. cutter Hornet.

In Philadelphia, the last week.—Adults 21, Child, en 33. Total 54.

## STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

## JEWELLERS & WATCH MAKERS,

NO. 137, WILLIAM-STREET.

Impressed with a due sense of the many favors conferred on them, beg to return their sincere thanks to a generous public, and to inform them they have opened a Store No. 441 Pearl-Street, where they intend keeping a general assortment of the most fashionable articles in their line. In addition to their former Stock, they have just received an elegant assortment of Ladies ornamented dress Combs of the latest Parisian fashions, (they invite the ladies to be early in their applications) as also a fresh supply of the highly approved Venus Tooth-Powder, which is now selling with such rapidity by them, the sole vendors in New-York. They have on hand a large assortment of fashionable gold and silver Watches, which they are determined to dispose of, wholesale or retail on very liberal terms.

N. B. Spanish Segars of the very best quality in boxes, from 250 to 100.

Orders from the country punctually attended to.  
A few proof impressions of John Sullivan's map of the U. States, including Louisiana, five feet square, taken from actual survey, and superior in point of correctness to any now in use.

July 26.

910—41.

## PAPER FOR SALE.

Foolscap writing and letter paper, for sale at this office.

Also—Genuine Anderson's Pills.

## DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,  
Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the Linen.

For Sale at this Office, price 50 cents.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE COMMON LOT.

Once in the flight of ages past  
There liv'd a man: and who was he?  
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown;  
His name hath perish'd from the earth,  
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;  
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!  
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits rise and fall;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;  
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;  
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He lov'd,—but whom he lov'd, the grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:  
O she was fair!—but nought could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
Ere while his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,  
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;  
He was—whatever thou hast been;  
He is—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye  
That once their shade and glory threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this—THERE LIV'D A MAN!

—O—

### WRITTEN AT SUNSET.

WAT with the tears which evening weeps,  
The closing flower conceals her breast;  
Secure the vernal warbler sleeps,  
The voice of love and joy suppress.

Ere long shall night assume her sway,  
Reposing nature on her arm—  
Blot the last purple flush of day—  
Dissolve the twilight's lingering charm:

And thus the transient joys of life  
Fade on ATTENTION'S sober eye,  
'Till vex't no more with various strife,  
Man learns to slumber or to die.

\* And learn with equal ease to sleep or die.

MASON.

### EPIGRAM.

On a Lamp-Lighter stepping off his ladder with a lighted torch in one hand.

Though sorely bruise'd, you foolish elf,  
Why damn the ladder—curse yourself?  
Good fortune this you e'en may call,  
Since you have had so LIGHT a fall.

## MORALIST.

### ON CARD PLAYING.

"Cards are superfluous, with all the tricks  
That illeness has ever yet contrived  
To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,  
To palliate dulness, and give time a shove."

COWPER.

A Gentleman in public company, inveighing against the prevailing custom of Card Playing, was requested to give his reasons for it, which he did in words to this effect. I will, said he, since you desire it: give you my reasons; first, in general, and then, in particular. I have observed that cards waste a great deal of TIME, which I esteem the most valuable treasure that God hath bestowed on us: In the next place, they exclude conversation which is the highest of all social pleasures; and lastly, they too frequently excite envy, repining, and ill humor. To be more particular.—In young persons, the habit of playing at Cards absorbs many of those hours which should be spent in improving the mind, and which, thus daily wasted, can never afterwards be recalled: by thus losing the opportunity of improvement, they become utterly unfit for proper employments, and of course fall into pursuits, unworthy of the stations they might have filled, and become insignificant in themselves and useless to society. With respect to the OLD: This humor of Card playing is a most wretched example, and contributes greatly to ruin the rising generation: it removes that reverence which ought naturally to wait upon years, and renders that season of life disgraceful, which ought to be the object of veneration: It increases avarice, the too natural vice of AGE, and corrupts the heart, at a season, when it should be employed in more serious pursuits. In a word, this is one great cause of that incapacity so justly deplored in our YOUTH of both sexes, and of that profligacy, which disgraces those in ADVANCED YEARS.

### DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,

Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the Linen.

The Utility of this Preparation, whenever such an Article is wanting, need not be pointed out—Initials, Names, Cyphers, Crests, &c. may be formed with the utmost expedition, and without the incumbrance or expense of any Implements; and will be found to stand every Test of Washings, Buckings, Acids, Alkalies, &c. which oily and other Compositions will not. If written on Linen as it comes from the loom, it firmly stands the Bleaching. It is also a much better, as well as indelible Criterion of a Person's Property, than Initials made with Thread, Silk, or Instruments, frequently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Robert Bach, & Co. Druggists, No. 123 Pearl-Street, for sale, wholesale and retail; where also may be had Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909—tf.

### MARTIN RABBESON,



At his wholesale UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufactory extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred doz.

N. B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas, or to nett fringes

June 14

904—3m.

### MRS. TODD'S,

TEA-STORE—No. 68, JOHN-STREET,

Where may be had a general assortment of the best Teas—also, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.

May 10, 1806.

899—tf.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF

## TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

NO. 114, BROADWAY.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s. per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles. Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square. Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey: 4s. and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pantoms, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d. Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

\* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 5, 1806.

833. 1y.

### RICHARD MULHERAN,

Has for sale at his store, No. 12 Peek-Slip, a new assortment of dry goods, consisting of superfine Cloths second do. patten and common Cassimeers, Patten Cords, Flannels, Dimitys, Linens, Brown Hollands Nankeens, Bandano Handkerchiefs, Mamoodies, Mow Sannas, Gurrahs, white and black thread Laces, Callicoes, checked Leno, Leno Veils, white and coloured Cambric Muslins, India Mulmul Muslins, Silk Shawls, and a variety of other goods, which he will sell on reasonable terms for Cash.

May 3,

898—tf.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.